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RAINBOW VERSE

A Book of Helpful Sunny
Philosophy

BY

Wilson
W. DAYTON WEGEFARTH



PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE W. JACOBS & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

PS 3545
E43 R3
1919

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NOV 12 1919

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Dedicated to
EDWARD F. ALBEE

I BELIEVE in the philosophy of friendship. If my verses bring sunshine into the lives of those who may feel the need of its warmth and point the road that leads to success to those who are aimlessly wandering, I am certain that my own life will be sunnier and my road easier. I want my verses to please, but more than that, I want them to help.

W. D. W.

FRIEND O' MINE:

I should like to send you a sunbeam, or the twinkle of some bright star, or a tiny piece of the downy fleece that clings to a cloud afar. I should like to send you the essence of a myriad sun-kissed flowers, or the lilting song, as it floats along, of a brook through fairy bowers. I should like to send you the dew-drops that glisten at break of day, and then at night the eerie light that mantles the Milky Way. I should like to send you the power that nothing can overthrow—the power to smile and laugh the while a-journeying through life you go. But these are mere fanciful wishes; I'll send you a Godspeed instead, and I'll clasp your hand—then you'll understand all the things I have left unsaid.

BUM

He's a little dog, with a stubby tail, and a
moth-eaten coat of tan;
His legs are short, of the wabby sort: I
doubt if they ever ran;
He howls at night, while in broad daylight
he sleeps like a bloomin' log,
And he likes the feed of the gutter breed:
he's a most irregular dog.

I call him Bum, and in total sum he's all
that his name implies,
For he's just a tramp with a highway stamp
that culture cannot disguise;
And his friends, I've found, in the streets
abound, be they urchins, dogs or men:
Yet he sticks to me with a fiendish glee—
it's truly beyond my ken.

I talk to him when I'm lonesome-like, and
I'm sure that he understands
When he looks at me attentively and gently
licks my hands.
Then he rubs his nose on my tailored
clothes, but I never say aught thereat,

For the good Lord knows I can buy more
clothes, but never a friend like that!

So my good old pal, my irregular dog, my
flea-bitten, stub-tailed friend,
Has become a part of my very heart, to be
cherished till lifetime's end.
And on Judgment-day, if I take the way
that leads where the righteous meet,
If my dog is barred by the heavenly guard—
we'll both of us brave the heat!

THE REASON

Some folks 'll al'ays git along,
An' somehow others won't,—
But them that does works with a song,
An' them that doesn't, don't.

BETSY

She isn't a car with a pedigree, and she's
old, very old, indeed,
Her lines are low and her speed is slow, a
sort of a "has-been" steed;
I've had her repainted, renickeled, too, but
she still looks about the same,
She runs at times, and her springs are
chimes, and Betsy's her Christian
name.

She sputters and sulks, she kicks and bucks,
and she has a consumptive cough,
She often backs on the street-car tracks and
the cop has to push her off;
She goes like the wind on a long down-
grade and coasts like a gull at sea:
We're Jack and Jill and we love our hill,
but down it must always be.

So I search for the roads that are smooth and
straight and I skirt all the hills and
dales,
I never roam very far from home, for some-
how my courage fails;

I live in the clouds when I journey forth,
tho the clouds are another's dust,
But I grip my wheel with a Spartan zeal,
and say: "In the Lord I trust!"

And often, how often, they've towed me
home at the cost of a five or ten,
I'd dream of the day of the one-horse shay,
and wish I'd been living then;
And oh! the abuse that I've had to bear,
when we'd block up a road or pass,
They'd howl and groan: "Get the ether-
cone!" But *I* knew she wanted gas.

And yet, with it all, she's a good old friend,
tho I know that the day is near,
When death will steal into each slow wheel
and into the running-gear;
But this do I swear: she shall rust in peace,
with no eyes but mine to see;
I've suffered much from her friction-clutch,
—but she's been a loyal bus to me.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

“Where are you going, my pretty maid?”

“I’m going to conquer the world,” she said.

“I’ve three mighty weapons on which to
rely:

“My smile, my diploma, my mischievous
eye;

“Now, shouldn’t I have the whole world
at my feet?”

The world answers: “Yes, for they’re
wonderf’ly neat.”

Diplomas are lost or forgotten, you know,
As time presses on, but a smile—never so!
Nor a mischievous eye—these are weapons,
in truth,

That will conquer all hearts, and the world
too, forsooth.

THE WAY IT’S DONE.

“Mother, may I get in the swim?”

“Yes, my darling daughter;

Buy your clothes from a Frenchy store,
And don’t wear half y’ oughter.”

WHEN LOVE COMES ALONG

Isn't it funny how love comes along,
With the plaint of the wind, or the lilt of
a song,
With the scent of the flowers that bloom
by the way,
With the stars of the night, or the sun of
the day?
By the touch of its breath all our shadows
are gone:
Isn't it funny how love comes along?

It comes without bidding, we know not
from where,
And hope takes the place of a longing
despair;
It comes with the dawning, it comes with
the night,
But come when it will there is joy in its
light.

Isn't it funny how love comes along?
Though our clouds may be dark, it will bid
them begone;
And its advent is marked by no herald or
boast,

But it finds us, 'twould seem, when we need
it the most:
Oh, the wonderful peace in the joy of its
song!
Isn't it funny how love comes along?

LIFE'S BOOMERANG

Do something good each passing day,
For those whom you meet on Life's High-
way;
Cheer on the traveller at your side,
Be his adviser, comrade, guide.

Perhaps there will come a time, good friend,
As over the path of life you wend,
That just such a friend as you have been
Will give *you* encouragement to win.

TO THE CONVALESCENT

It's a shame to be ill and confined to your
bed,
To be medicine-filled, hygienic'ly fed;
To be pampered and petted from morning
to night,
Till you're ready to scream—for you're too
weak to fight;
To be told what a wonderful patient you've
been
When you know it's a fib. I repeat, it's
a sin!

But we've all had our plasters, we've all
had our pills;
We've all had our troubles, we've all had
our ills.
They make up a lifetime, old friend, sad
to tell;
But since it's the truth—hustle up and get
well!

A PRAYER

No day so quickly passes
That I don't think some of you,
It may be once, or often,
But each thought of you rings true;
And oft I pray in silence,
Asking God to keep you free
From all life's ills and sorrows—
And to let you think of me.

ENCOURAGEMENT

There's a heap o' satisfaction in the clasp
of some friend's hand,
There's a world of helpfulness in just a
word,
But you'll find that absent-treatment isn't
vital,—understand?
For encouragement must both be felt
and heard.

THE SUN-CRESTED HILL

Oh, it's great to be able to go where you will,
Wherever your heart decrees,
To sense all the joy of the wanderlust thrill,
To go when and where you please.

For the world is so small and our days are
so few,
And praise such a shallow thing,
That life isn't worth all the crying and hue,
The sorrow desire may bring.

Strike out for the open, the unfettered way,
Strike off all your men-made chains,
And search for the peace that will never
decay,
Forgetful of worldly gain.

For the pain and the sorrow, the anguish
we've known,
The heart-breaks and tears we've shed,
Are fruits of the seeds we have greedily
sown,
The toll of the lives we've led.

So go on your way with a laugh and a song,
And sail on contentment's sea;
Live just for today, as you journey along:
Tomorrow may never be.

Oh, it's great to be able to go where you will,
Wherever your heart decrees;
But go, while you can, to the sun-crested
hill,
Where happiness warms the breeze.

A BIT O' HEAVEN

A little bit of sunshine
And the mellow of the moon,
Then the silver dust of starshine,
With the perfumed breath of June,
And the glisten of the skyways
Through their endless lanes of blue:
That's my wish for thee and thy days,
And I'm praying 'twill come true.

THE U. S. MARINES

You'll find Marines where'er you go,
In ev'ry old place on earth,
'Neath torrid sun, in fields of snow,
Protecting our home and hearth.

They are here and there, they are ev'ry-
where,
This glorious, great machine;
They tackle the jobs that depend on pluck,
And they finish 'em too, with their usual
luck,
The lads o' the U. S. Marine.

On foreign shore, in Yankeeland,
Wherever a ship has sailed,
They do their bit, and lend a hand,
When some other chap has failed.

Oh, you'll find 'em all, when the bugles
call,
The first on the battle-green,
And the last to leave, when the fight is
o'er,
For they'll stick and they'll beg for a little
more,
The lads o' the U. S. Marine.

The world to them is Home, Sweet Home,
On land or the far-flung sea,
Their roof is heaven's star-lit dome,
The breeze is their symphony.

And they fight their fight with a heart that's
light,
With ever a jolly mein,
And it's woe to the fools who would bar
their way,
For there's nothing on earth that can stem
their sway,
The lads o' the U. S. Marine.

So here's that Luck may keep apace,
Wherever their feet may tread,
And here's that Fortune's smiling grace
May follow where'er they're led.

For it's great to know that the wondrous
glow
That radiates Freedom's sheen,
Will be ever as bright as their hearts are true,
For they'll fight to the last for the Red,
White and Blue,
The lads o' the U. S. Marine.

Dedicated to the United States Marine Corps.

OLDEN MELODIES

It's strange that the songs that we hear
today,
In the vaudeville show and the cabaret,
Are never as sweet as the songs of old
That mother had sung when our hair was
gold.
There were "Sweet Annie Laurie" and
"Old Black Joe,"
"Love's Old Sweet Song," "Sweet Winds
That Blow,"
"Way down in Dixie" and "Auld Lang
Syne,"
"The Old Folks At Home" and "Sweet
Adeline."

And "Lead Kindly Light,"—I can see her
now,
With her silvered hair and her wrinkled
brow,
With her dear old hand on my curly head,
As she tucked me so gently away to bed;
I can feel her breath and her loving kiss,
So earnest and free from all artifice:
And I've learned, ah, yes, I have learned
since then

Why the songs of youth are the strength of
men.

For in ev'ry word, in each lingering tone,
Rings the sound of an old sweet voice
we've known,

And we see in each song of the long ago
A hallowed face in the firelight glow,
A face we have drawn on mem'ry's page,
And framed with the blooms of love's
foliage:

A song of to-day is just—a song,
The others,—mem'ries of loved ones gone.

JUST A MINUTE, PLEASE

Before you send your letter, read it over,
And hold your speech until your wrath
has fled,

For 'tis better far to wait,
Tho your answer may be late,
Than say the things you should have
left unsaid.

WORK AND PLAY

Work while you work, with all your heart,
Work with a right good will,
Analyze ev'ry task in part,
Sense ev'ry effort's thrill.

Play while you play, with all your soul,
Play to the lilt of song,
Play as you work, and lo! your goal
Will come to be real ere long.

RAIN

I love the melody of rain,
With cooling, whispered, soft refrain;
For while it falls I seem to see
The world a garden-plot; and we
Are flowers, each a different bloom,
In sun-kissed patch or shadow-gloom;
While angels stand on silvered blue
And sprinkle us with heaven's dew:
That's why I love the song of rain,
With cooling, whispered, soft refrain.

MY STAR

One summer night, while I wandered alone,
Near the bank of a gliding stream,
I caught a star, as it slid to the earth
On the shaft of a late sunbeam.

With tender care then I carried it off,
O'er my life's rocky winding road;
And marveled much at its wondrous light,
As it lifted my sorrow's load.

My days grew brighter, my nights were less
drear,
All the world seemed enriched by love;
The trials of life that had burdened my soul
Were all lost in the clouds above.

The years rolled by, and I lived in content,
For my heart greater joy ne'er sought;
The star that brightened my life was naught
else
But a simple, unselfish thought.

LEARN TO SMILE BY THE WAY

A man with a frown and a man with a smile
Once met on Life's Road at the old turning
stile.

"You seem unconcerned," said the first with
a sneer,

"For a man who has treacherous pitfalls
to fear.

I've worried along till I'm worn and grey."
And the other said, "You should have
smiled by the way."

"I've had many troubles, my heart has
been bled;

The joys that were mine are now withered
and dead.

I'm treading this path not from fancy, my
friend,

But because not far off is the long-wished-
for end.

I've seen aught but darkness, no dawning
of day."

And the other said, "You should have
smiled by the way."

“I know what it means,” said the man with
the smile,
“To have my heart wrung every cruel,
weary mile.
My life has meant suffering, my way has
been long,
But still I have not grown deaf to Hope’s
song.
And every drear winter to me has been
May,
Because I have learned to smile by the
way.”

IF

If you meet the world with a heart that’s
light,
If you work with a laugh and song,
If you tread the path where the sun is bright,
You will win, though the path be long.

UNCLE

I've got th' finest uncle
That anyone ever had,
He's jus' 's nice 's he kin be,
Ain't never cross like dad.

I told m' mother tother day
She made a *big* mistake
In marryin' dad instead o' him—
Well—we nearly had a wake!

Ma grabbed me by th' collar,
An' laid me crost her knee,
Took her slipper, heel an' all,
Then how she walloped me!

“T' talk about yer pa like that,
Y' most on-grateful child.”
With ev'ry word th' slipper fell:
Ma's temper isn't mild.

“I'll teach y' t' respect yer pa,
Or know th' reason why.”
I squirmed an' yelled, “If I tell Unk,
He'll punch 'im in th' eye!”

An' then who comes a-strollin' in
But Uncle. “Well,” says he,

“I hear as ’ow a pal o’ mine
Is needin’ help from me.”

An’ then, o’ course, ma has t’ stop
A-lammin’ me, an’ Unk
He lifts me up an’ sees me smile,
An’ says, “Well, you’ve got spunk!”

He asked ma what I went an’ did,
But ma jus’ squirmed around;
She didn’t dare t’ tell th’ truth,
For gosh! how that would sound.

So Unk an’ I slipped t’ th’ shed,
An’ there I told ’im all;
He scratched his head an’ coughed a lot,
An’ answered with a drawl:

“I wouldn’t be too hard on pa
If I were you, m’ lad,
Cause family scraps, t’ say th’ least,
Are werry, werry bad.”

“But you ain’t skeered o’ dad,” I cried.
“O’ course I’m not,” said he,
“But I owe dad a favor,
Cause he did one once for me.”

An' then he laughed, an' laughed, an'
laughed,
An' hugged me for a spell;
I asked 'im what th' favor was,
An' promised not t' tell.

At last he whispered in my ear:
"He saved my life, m' lad.
He won your ma instead o' me!"
We both said: "Poor—old—dad!"

THE YEAR OF YEARS

Start the year with a word of cheer,
Start the year with a smile;
Laughter chases the shadows drear,
Laughter the days beguile.

Tread the path where the sun is high,
Walk where the flowers grow;
Place your hopes in a star-lit sky,
Up where the planets glow.

Search for joy in the shadow-days,
Smile till the tear-mist clears;
Friend o'mine, in a million ways,
Make it the year of years!

LIFE'S ROOM

I've a little room where I live alone,
And the walls of the room are bare:
A peaceful nook of a sombre tone,
For nobody enters there,
Lest it be the Ghosts of my Yesterday,
Or the Dreams of my days unborn,
Or the Shades that people my quiet way
Of mem'ries I love and mourn.

And I watch the world, as it passes by,
Through the window that lights my soul:
Its ceaseless tread, like a mighty sigh,
Goes up to the heavens' bowl;
I close my eyes to its gilded shrine
And shrink from its drone and moan,
And I thank my God for the peace that's
mine,
In the room where I dwell alone.

HAPPINESS

Happiness is yours to take,
Happiness is yours to make,
So seek it ever, keep it, too:
'Twill chase away life's sombre hue.

IT'S A GOOD OLD WORLD

This criticized world is a pretty good place,
If you take all your woes with the right
kind of grace,
And learn to find good in your sorrow and
pain,
And to watch for the sunshine that follows
the rain.

I know that the world has a mighty blue
tinge
Oftentimes; but, my friend, if you just oil
the hinge,
Your door will swing open and let in the
light
That will put all your little blue devils to
flight.

In all, life is just what we make it, you know,
And we reap smiles or sighs from the seeds
that we sow;
Then the right thing to do is to plant seeds
of joy,
And to smile at the heart-breaks that try
to destroy.

POSITIVE—NEGATIVE

The world hasn't time for the gelatine-
spined,

For the timid, the weak, or the negative
kind;

It looks to the man with the positive force,
With the courage that comes from a posi-
tive source.

So think then and act in a positive way,
And you'll learn that the things that had
brought you dismay

Will leave, as all negative bugaboos do,
When they meet with the strength that is
latent in you.

BABY

Two starry eyes look into mine,
As though to read my soul,
Two cupid lips part with a smile
That makes a torn life whole;
Two chubby hands caress my cheek,
Its furrows disappear,
Two little arms entwine my neck,
And Paradise is here.

TH' GOIN'S HARD

Th' goin's hard when you're down an' out,
With never a helpin' hand
T' grasp your own, as you grope about,
With no one t' understand;
Th' road is hard an' th' road is long,
You hunger for just th' glow
Of a friendly face or a cheery song,—
Th' goin' is hard, I know.

But there's somethin' down in th' depth
o' you,
Somethin' that burns an' sears,
Somethin' that sort o' helps you thru,
Somethin' that stops your tears;
It points th' way thru th' heavy night,
An' it whispers in accents low:
"You'll win—you must—if your heart is
light,
But th' goin' is hard, I know."

Then you set your jaw an' you clench your
fist,
An' you breathe with your head held
high,

While you search around for th' chance
you missed,

T' give it another try;

An' you put your shoulder against th'
wheel,

Your life in your sluggin' blow,

An' you smash your way with a will o' steel,

Oh, the goin' is hard, I know.

At last you come t' th' open road,

Th' day that was lost is won;

Peace deserved is your heart's abode,

Its light is th' dawning sun;

You won your fight by yourself you think.

Poor fool! 'Twill be ever so.

'Twas God who turned you from Failure's
brink,

When th' goin' was hard, you know.

JUST DAD

That's what I always want you to be,

Without any frills, just Dad to me:

A sort of a pal, and the best of friends,

Someone to point where the roadway wends;

Someone to smile when my heart is sad,

The kind of a friend I need, just Dad.

EVERYONE DOES IT

I used to live in a great big house of seven-
teen rooms, or more,
With gorgeous frescoes on ev'ry wall, and
an obstinate oak front door,
With halls as spacious as mountain caves,
and alcoves of fearful size,
With saintly figures on ev'ry pane, and
pictures that scandalize.

The tapestries were of lustrous sheen and
hung in a wealth around,
The rugs and carpets were soft and rich
and covered a hardwood ground,
The furniture was of massive style, the
stairways were steep and long,
The house was truly a kingly place, but
somehow it seemed all wrong.

It seemed so cold and it seemed so drear,
there wasn't the warmth of home,
I felt as tho I were swallowed up, I hated
its ghostly gloam,
My voice would echo thru ev'ry room,
like spirits of other days,
I feared to traverse the corridors, bereft
of the sunlight's rays.

At last we followed the social bent, we
took an apartment, yes
We left the house with the yawning porch,
the house that was conscienceless;
We took the things that we needed most,
the things that would fit, you know,
The bric-a-brac and the spindle-chairs, and
pieces to make a "show."

And now we've learned how to laugh and
live, we didn't know how before,
We've learned to cook in a kitchenette, to
smile at our neighbor's snore,
We've learned that life is a stave of song,
and strange as it all may seem,
We've learned to love in a different way,—
and to steal our neighbor's cream!

THE NICHE

There's a place for you in the world, my lad,
There's a niche you are destined to fill,
But you must be brave and you must be
glad,
And the soil of your life you must till.

THE NE'ER-DO-WELL

Bill was the clerk in the general store,
merely a clerk and nothing more,
The only friends that he had in town were
the ne'er-do-wells and his rabbit-houn',
For Bill was a ne'er-do-well himself, with
nary a thought of worldly pelf,
And nobody cared if he lived or died—and
perhaps that's the reason he never *tried*.

The villagers used to vow that Bill would
some day burgle the grocery till,
And they wisely ventured the solemn hope
that he'd pass away at the end of a rope;
They'd lay their children across their knee
whenever they sought his company,
So the town oft rang with their youthful
wails, for the kids loved Bill and his
bandit tales.

But Bill never sinned, the record shows, he
just liked to loaf, which only goes
To prove that Bill wasn't truly bad, for
loafing is really a social fad;
So he lived his life as he wanted to, though
the townsfolk flayed him black-and-blue,
And at every sneer he'd smile and say:
"Wal, I ain't no hypocrite, anyway."

And then the day of the Great War came,
and they called for men to play the
game,

A squad of regulars, bronze of face, set up
a tent in the market-place,

And they asked for men to volunteer, they
warned the Draft was drawing near,

But the stolid workers who tilled the land
seemed, somehow, not to understand.

They wanted someone to lead the way,
someone to step right up and say:

“Who is the next to follow me across the
sea to victory?”

Of course, you’ve guessed ’twas Bill who
came and made his mark beside his
name;

He said no word as he walked away,—but
a lot more signed the roll that day.

Then they left for camp, these volunteers,
amid a storm of sobs and cheers,

But not a soul in the little town, not a
living thing, save a rabbit-houn’,

Had come to the station to say farewell, or to
wish good-luck to the ne’er-do-well:

A whine was the only sob he heard, tho
to him ’twas more than a spoken word.

And soon they'd quite forgotten him, when
passing months left memories dim,
Until one day his name they read among the
missing and the dead;
The message told how he had faced a hail
of lead, and how he'd raced
Across the gory, cratered lands to tear our
flag from Hunnish hands.

How thru the smoke where waiting Death
crouched, panther-like, with fevered
breath
To sear each life that passed its way, he
fought, a Devil-dog at bay,
He hewed, he smashed, he killed, and then
he brought the flag back home again.
The ne'er-do-well had played the game; the
village bowed its head in shame.

And now of Bill they spoke with pride
throughout the peaceful countryside,
They said he'd never been real bad, not
Bill, no, no, not really bad!
But just a lad who liked to play, to while
the weary hours away.
And thus in life we all await the rose with-
held that blooms too late.

But soon from out the battle fray another
message winged its way,
Congratulating all the town, for Bill had
lived to bring renown
Where none had ever been before; and then
a mighty, joyous roar
Was sent across each rolling hill, across the
seas, across to Bill!

At last he came, their native son, to claim
the heritage he'd won;
The Stars-and-Stripes were everywhere, tri-
umphant rang the trumpet's blare.
But was it Bill, or just his ghost, this wasted
form that faced the host,
Whose blood-shot eyes roamed all around,
whose lips framed: "Where's m' rabbit-
houn'?"

But ev'ry history must end, so ere our
separate paths we wend,
We'll look on Bill in health and ease, a
shaggy head upon his knees;
We find them where they were before,
except it's now *Bill's* general store,
Presented by the town itself, and Bill's
own till is on the shelf.

VAULTING SUNBEAMS

(Nestor to the Greek generals: "The secret of victory is in getting a good ready.")

He carried a book every place that he went,
And he bracketed thoughts that he read:
The people would smile at the studious chap,
And we think that we know what they
said;

They called him eccentric, and possibly
worse,—

It's a trait of the masses, you know,
To jeer at the fellow ambitious to climb
Where they haven't courage to go.

He studied the things that he thought he
would need

When his big opportunity came,
The things that develop and make for suc-
cess,

That help men to win at life's game;
He seemed not to notice the smiles of the
crowds,

But clung to his books with a vim,
Yes, he clung to his books, to his dreams,
to his hopes,

Though the world went on smiling at him.

At last, when Discouragement stalked at
his side,
Quite apparently certain to win,
When Failure cavorted grotesquely about,
With the mockery of Fate's harlequin,
When effort seemed wasted and faith had
grown cold,
When his dreams lost their bright, cheer-
ful hue,
He heard Opportunity knock at his door,
And a voice said: "I've come, lad, for
you."

"I'm ready!" he cried, with resolve in his
heart,
"I'm ready to take to the road."
"That's why I am here," Opportunity said.
Then off to the hill-top he rode.
And those who had scoffed at him watched
from afar,
As he vaulted each sunbeam and cloud,
And most of them wished that he'd tumble
to earth,—
But he just *couldn't* follow the crowd!

ME AN' JIM

Sometime I git in a thoughtful mood,
When m' pipe's 'bout right, an' I sit 'n
 brood
'Bout why things is an' why things ain't—
(But o' course not meanin' no complaint)
Jest a confidential revery,
With no one 'round t' disagree.

Y'd be surprised if y' really knew
What a heap o' comfort an' pleasure, too,
I git with Jimmy—Jim's m' dog—
'Fore a laughin', cracklin', blazin' log,
With th' wind a-howlin' dismal out,
An' not a livin' soul about.

'Cause Jim believes everything I say—
Never does no questionin' 'bout date or
 day;
An' that's a thing I like, y' know:
If I fib a bit—he lets it go.
Though a argyment on facts alone
Is most like chops—with jest th' bone.

An' po'try—laws! Why it comes t' me
By th' foot an' yard jest as natchely;

There ain't no rhyme, or like o' that,
An' I guess it might read kind o' flat;
But it seems t' come from th' heart o' me—
A sort o' home-made symphony.

An' I travels then t' th' days gone by,
When m' back was straight an' m' step
was spry;
An' through th' smoke I see a face
That all life's sunshine can't replace;
An' I try t' smile, but sigh instead
For th' joy that came, th' joy that fled.

An' then I strive for t' hum a song,
With old Jim's tail beatin' time all wrong:
A song I used t' hear her sing,
When th' days t' us were al'ays spring;
But m' throat gits choaked an' m' eyes
grow dim,
An' I says: "Tain't much use tryin', Jim."

An' Jim—he knows—for he comes t' me
An' licks m' hands so consolingly;
I jest don't trust m'self t' speak,
'Cause I'm feelin' kind o' sad and meek,
With th' fire burnin' mighty low
An' a-throwin' out a cheerless glow.

But I stirs it up with a log or two,
For I jest can't stand gettin' drear and
 blue;
M' pipe's most out, so I lights it up,
Then I take a teeny-weeny sup;
An' I says: "Things might be worser, Jim,
So let's keep right on trustin' Him."

"FISHIN'"

"Let's go a-fishin', Mary."
 "Begorry, an' let's" sez she.
An' thin wid our rods, an' our lines an'
 things,
We go to th' wood where th' brooklet sings,
 As happy as we kin be.

"Fishin' is foine," sez Mary,
 "Indade, an' it's great," sez Oi.
An' divil a fish'll we ketch all day,
A fishermon's luck, but a lover's pay,—
 Kissin' is better, thinks Oi.

GO T' SLEEP, HONEY

Hush, a-baby, close yo' eyes,
An' go right off t' sleep;
Great, big goblin comin' sure
T' ketch yo' ef yo' peep.

'Taint no use t' make a fuss—
Yo' better snuggle tight;
'Spect I'se gwain t' play wif yo'
All day an' half de night?

Ebenin's growin' mighty late,
De birds am gone t' nest;
Eb'ry thing wif eyes t' close
Hab shut 'em tight in rest.

Mammy's gettin' tired, too,
Jes' 'cause de moon's so bright;
Gwain t' go t' bed ma self,—
Good-night, dear chile, good-night.

DREAMS

There is something fine in the world for you,
Something that you are meant to do,
Something the future holds in store
Only for you on Tomorrow's shore.

Something you crave in the dreams you
 dream,
Something that glows in the twilight's
 gleam,
Never forgotten, ever bright,
Bright with the hope of a dawning light.

Then when the night clouds have rolled
 away,
Sunbeams will radiantly clothe your day,
Showing the path that is yours to tread,
Lighting the way where your dreams have
 led.

Then will you learn that the dream-god
 knew
All of the work that is yours to do,
Knew very well that since life began
Dreams are the things that mould the man.

THE STRENGTH OF YOUTH

I heard a voice.
In vibrant, ringing tone it bid me wait.
I named my choice.
Impetuous youth cried out 'twould be too
late.

And so I tried.
Spurred on by hope I faced my future's sun.
The voice had lied.
I struck with my unerring youth and won.

MOODS

Be careful of moods; they are dang'rous
things,
Especially the profligate mood that brings
A deep discontent with the work you do,
That vitiates all that is fine in you.

Encourage the mood with the plenitude
Of vision to see but the rainbow-hued;
Absorb all the good that the world can
give,
And soon you will find joy intuitive.

THE GLORY OF FAILURE

If each loved heart were lost to me on earth,
And every cherished dream in ashes lay,
If every hope that I had deemed of worth
Had passed into the night from sanguine
day;
If everything that I hold dear—my friends,
My inmost loves, my fondest joys, had
died,
I'd thank my God, who every judgment
sends,
For e'en my failures—knowing I had
tried.

A THUNK

Very often, when you think a thought, you
haven't thunk a thing,
So you think the thought you thought you
thunk anew;
Now, the thought I think I thought I thunk
has such a friendly ring,
That I think I'll send the thought I thunk
to you:
“Good luck, good cheer and a never-
fading smile.”

PERSUASION

Hey there, fellers, come on in,
Water's fine, y'bet;
Gee! I wouldn't be a coward,
'Fraid o' gettin' wet.

Aw, gowan, I ain't a-shiverin,
Betcher life I'm not;
Watch me duck, here goes, ca-splash!
Oof! It's a-l-m-o-s-t h-o-t.

Go and look for Deacon Brown,
An' tell him where I've been;
Let 'im holler, I don't care,
Swimmin' ain't no sin.

Aw, come on, kids, what's the odds,
Folks won't know t'hum:
That's the ticket, wade in slow,
Gee! I know'd y'd come.

THE BRIGHT THINGS OF LIFE

A thought that is winged from a friend
to a friend,
Doesn't seem such a wonderful thing;
Yet it carries the prayer for a joy without
end,
And it throbs with a big, friendly ring.

A mere word of cheer, in the shadow of
night,
When discouragement darkens the way,
Will illumine our hearts with the glorious
light
Of a hopeful and sun-brightened day.

When failure confronts us and darkens our
goals,
How we long for the clasp of a hand!
It is then that we cry from the depths of
our souls,
For a friend who can just understand.

A bright, cheery smile often gives us the
strength
That we lack in the vortex of strife,

For it lightens our load, as we travel the
length

Of the care-laden path we call Life.

So we find, after all, that the things we
thought small,

Loom colossal above all the host;

That the best of God's gifts are the friends
we can call

To our side when we need them the most.

HOW TO LIVE

Give me your hand when I need it most,

Give me your smile when I'm sad,

Speak but a word to my idle boast,

Teach me to live and be glad.

Teach me to follow the righteous way,

Show me life's worthiest plan,

Teach me to live it day by day,

Help me to be a man!

THE TAIL OF A DOG

A little dog's tail is a wonderful thing,
For it wags all the livelong day:
And whether the dog be a hybrid or king,
The tail is a tail alway;
Its shape and its size never matter at all,
It's the wag that is worth the while,
For its tempo allegro is constant withal,
And that is our doggie's smile.

It welcomes us home, it bids us good-by,
And we know it will never fail;
We'd miss it as much as the blue of the sky,
This wag of our doggie's tail:
For in each joyous sway is the beat of his
heart,
Full of love that is free from guile,
And the wealth of the world wouldn't move
us to part
With the wag that is doggie's smile.

YOUR WORTH

The world takes a man at his own valuation,
No matter how high it may be,
But it asks that the proof of the verification
Be shown in his own industry.

The best gifts of life are the crown of the worker,
And toil is the seed he must sow,
While failure and anguish will follow the shirker,
So plant fertile deeds as you go.

TRY

It matters not what your work may be,
If only you do it well,
If only you do it joyously,
If only you feel its spell.

It matters not if you win your quest,
Or fail in your bold attempt;
If only you *Tried* to do your best,
Your conscience will be "exempt."

MAN'S CREED

Turn your face to the Eastward, and look
to the rising sun.

The sorrows that seared the bygone years
are victories you have won.

Fight in the sunlit open, for Truth will
defeat Despair.

Success is the tribute fairly won by those
who will do and dare.

Tomorrow is yours to cope with. Think
not of yesterday,

But place your hopes high upon the rocks,
and cast your fears away.

Life is yours to be moulded, so do with it
as you should.

And if God wills you should win, or lose,
you have done the best you could.

THE BIRTH OF OLD GLORY

'Twas God Who took from heaven's dome
The stars that were twinkling there,
And the glist'ning light of the fleecy white
Enfolding the cloud-banks fair;
He took from the roses their deepest red,
From violets their azure hue,
So we call the bars and the fielded stars

The Red,

White,

and Blue!

PLAN TODAY

There's naught upon Tomorrow's page,
The scroll awaits your pen;
Tomorrow is your heritage,
And ne'er will come again.

But if Tomorrow is to be
A wondrous day and strong,
Pray plan Today, and keep it free
From everything save song.

THE GIRL WHO'S MISUNDERSTOOD

The church folk sneer at the chorus girl,
and call her a thing of shame,
And they hem and haw in their holy awe
at the very sound of her name;
They are bound to state that the lady's fate
was shaped by the devil's hand,
So they pass her with a dread "Oh, my!"
for they just don't understand.

The path they tread is a narrow one, and
their world is a little place,
For they judge a soul and its future goal
by the smile of a pretty face;
And it's their belief that a crowning grief
and the pain of an aching heart,
Do not belong to the girl of song who
struggles from them apart.

So the righteous world, with its heavy pride,
strides haughtily on its way:
It fears to go where the calciums glow, for
what would the neighbors say?
So it turns its head, in its Christian dread,
and pockets its helping hand;
But 'twill ever be through eternity, for
the world can't understand.

“ARGUED BY THE WORKIN’ MAN”

Sez Paddy Flynn t’ me lasht noight, sez he:

“Begobs, me bye, it’s gettin’ purty bad

Whin wimmin folks, t’ satisfy a fad,

Air takin’ jobs frim ye an’ me, me lad;

Sez Oi to ye, sez Oi, it shouldn’t be.”

At thot Oi ups an’ answers widout fear:

“Indade, wid yez, me frind, Oi don’t
agree;

Fer anny mon would not contented be

Widout a gel t’ run th’ famalee;

A maid,” sez Oi, “is born t’ injineer.”

THE SOUL OF A FRIEND

A little smile once in a while,

The meaning clasp of a hand,

A word of hope, as we onward grope

Toward the shore of our wonderland;

A bit of praise in our shadow-days,

A song to our journey’s end:

Ah, this to me is life’s symphony—

And it’s all in the soul of a friend!

I WONDER IF IT'S LOVE

When a fellow thinks continually of a certain charming girl,
And carries in his watch case a little golden curl,
If he quite forgets his breakfast, or departs without his tie,
Or, perchance, should stare in vacancy and pass his friends right by,—
I wonder if it's love.

If he argues with his tailor 'bout the clothes that he should wear,
And buys the best imported oils to grease his rumpled hair,
If his view of politics is changed because of woman's rights,
Or if he speaks respectfully to girls he thought were frights,—
I wonder if it's love.

If he wanders through a jewelry store and asks the price of rings,
Explaining that his sister fancies all such foolish things,

If he starts to save his salary, looks at
bargain real estate,
If he claims that no good citizen should be
a celibate,—
I wonder if it's love.

If he stands outside her window on a
cold and blustery night,
Just to see her shadow flick'ring on the
shade against the light,
If he reads the plays of Shakespeare, learn-
ing phrases quite by heart,
With the thought that he will speak one
when from her he'll have to part,—
I wonder if it's love.

I am seeking information, for I'd like to
know, you see,
Whether all the things I've mentioned are
as they should really be;
Should I see a good physician, by his
learned word abide,
Or a recommended clergyman,—I really
can't decide,—
But I'm wondering if it's love.

THE YOUTH OF TOMORROW

We're all of us children grown up,
But gone is the gold of the buttercup
That gilded our hair in our yesterdays,
And gone is the sweetness of childhood's
ways.

Oh, why do we leave all the joy behind
That could be so easily with age combined,
The joy that we crave when our years
unfold
And leave but the spectre of Youth grown
old.

BETTER 'N NONE

She had a pinkish bonnet, with a bunch o'
flowers on it
And a lot o' ribbon trailing from the back;
But, alas! 'twas old from wearing, so the
maiden, coy and daring,
Took the trimmin's off and dyed the bonnet
black.

THE COST

He made his prayer to a dollar bill,
 (The most of us do, you know)
He cared not a bit for the rook or rill,
For the laughing brook or the friendly hill,
 Or the whisp'ring winds that blow.

He grew as hard as his worshiped gold,
 His heart was a piece of stone;
The prime of life found him bent and old,
With features stern and with soul grown
 cold:

 He walked through the world alone.

At last he realized the joy he'd lost,
 And writhed at the sneer of Fate;
He searched for the flowers his greed had
 cost,
He looked for love, but he found but frost:
 The awakening had come too late!

SMILE YOUR WAY

Sighs and frowns are not for you,
Nor for anyone with work to do;
Keep well within the bounds of cheer.
And smile your way thruout the year.

FRIENDSHIP'S MEMORY

It takes but a minute to say good-bye,
But a mighty long time to forget,
With many a heartache, many a sigh,
And many a deep regret.

So make ev'ry friendship so fine and fair,
The essence of sweetest blends,
That only its fragrance will fill the air
O'er the roadway where memory wends.

FIGHT ON!

Never ask yourself the question: "Is my
effort worth the while;
Would it not be well to leave this task
undone?"
But remember strength is tested by an
honest, fearless trial;
And by effort goals are reached and
battles won.

THE TRAIL

I very often wonder

What it's really all about,
The longing, and the waiting,
And the everlasting doubt,
The thinking if we'll make it
Much before we have to go:

I very often wonder

If the burning's worth the glow.

I ask myself the question,

Can Tomorrow's gain repay
All the sorrow and the anguish
That the struggle brings Today:
Is it truly worth the effort,
When we can't foresee the end,
This chasing after sunbeams
That with shadows oftentimes blend?

But I find my answer nestling

In the work I have to do,
In this very self-same struggle,
In the hope that's ever new:
And my heart grows strong with courage,
For I know that should I fail,
I'll have sounded life's deep meaning,
In my holding to the trail.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE

Pat McDooiin was a sailor whin he met
swate Nora Naylor;
It was thin he lost his head an' heart
complete,
But th' maiden wouldn't listen; said she
niver would be his'n
'Til he owned a rig'ler Trans-Atlantic
fleet.

“Phat's th' use o' gittin' married? I'd hev
more fer havin' tarried,
Sure, th' home Oi live in now is good
enough.”
That's phat Nora towld her lover; thin he
vowed by all above her
That he'd hustle oop an' call her little
bluff.

Pat McDooiin knew he niver could possess
a fleet t' win her,
So he formed a plan that listened good,
withal;
Whin her dad wint blue-fish selling, Patsy
burned his swateheart's dwelling;
Thin poor Nora hed no home at all, at all.

Thin th' foxy Pat McDooin wid a vim pursued his wooin'.

"You hed besht," sez he, "fergit about th' fleet."

"Sure," sez Nora, "Oi must give in, fer Oi hev no place t' live in."

So she moved t' Patsy's shanty oop th' street.

THY MESSENGER—A FRIEND

I've always known that friends are sent
By God when we are sorely bent

Beneath our sorrow's load;

To urge us on by words of cheer,

To give us strength where once was fear,

To point the straightest road.

So when our faith and hopes have flown,
When naught springs from the work we've
sown,

And failure marks the end,

Oh, God, then send some helping hand,

Someone Thou knows will understand—

Thy messenger—a friend.

THAT'S WHY HE'S AN AMERICAN

An American never starts a thing
That he doesn't finish right,
And he's never content till the job is done,
With never an oversight;
When he says "I will!" he sets his jaw,
And crushes his way clear through,
And that's why he's an American,—
He's learned to dare and do.

He has learned that a task that's worth the
while,
Is worthy to be well done,
And he isn't the sort to mutiny,
When the victory's all but won;
He isn't the sort to hem-and-haw,
And to pass the buck along,
And that's why he's an American,—
He's there at the final gong.

He is there with a crashing, smashing punch,
He is there with a heart that's light,
And whatever he tackles, rest assured,
Will end in a *finished* fight;
And there's nothing on earth that'll change
his mind,

When he's in a fighting mood,
And that's why he's an American,—
He comes of a fighting brood.

And whether the fight is his alone,
Or the fight of a nation's host,
If the cause is just, he'll give his all,
And there'll be no idle boast;
He'll do and he'll give till the need shall
cease,
Till the right transcends the wrong,
And *that's* why he's an American,—
And he's a hundred-million strong!

MOTHER

The world is a finer, better place,
For the love that glows in your kindly face,
For the smile that is constant, ever there,
For your cheer that banishes dark despair
For all that you are, for all you do,
Ah, the world is better for knowing you,
My Mother.

BE LOYAL TO YOUR THOUGHTS

Be loyal to the thoughts that your heart
holds dear,
No matter what others may say;
Just laugh at the world and the cynic's
sneer,
And earnestly go your way.

For the world doesn't care for ideals, some-
how,
Nor for him whom ideals imbue,
Yet will offer its hand and will make its
bow
To the man whose ideals come true.

It cares not a mite should he lose or win,
But says, with a knowing look:
"I told you so!" Then his name goes in
Or out of the world's big book.

So be loyal to the thoughts that your heart
holds dear,
A fig for the world, or less!
Believe in yourself and you'll change its jeer
To a smile and a sweet caress.

EACH PLAYS A PART

Dreamers are needed to pierce the to-morrow,

Idealists to visualize work to be done;
Each has a purpose that all well might borrow—

The purpose to point out the path to be run.

Practical men have a like task before them,
The task to make possible dreams and ideals,

Theirs is the office to test and explore them:
So all men, you see, are in Life's Balance-wheels.

FAILURE

What if you fail in the task at hand?

Smile, carry on once more!

Rally your forces, then, full-manned,
Pull for another shore.

Failure but spurs on the optimist,

On to another goal,

Points out the way, if he'll but persist:
Failure gives strength to soul!

TRAMP PHILOSOPHY

I say, pard! What's th' use o' worryin'?
'Tain't no use, honest 'tain't. What's th'
good o' goin' 'round a-lookin' black' an'
cussful like, a-makin' everybody miserable?
They's got t' give y' yer beans, anyhow; an'
water's 'bout as plentiful as hard luck.
Gowan out in th' park an' load up on fresh
air; an' look at th' trees an' grass an'
flowers; it's cheap an' it's 'ealthy. Watch
th' river runnin' along peaceful an' quiet;
jump in, if y' want; won't hurt th' river.
Then come back again an' smile some—
an' then some more. Gee, y' ain't got no
idee 'ow easy 'tis till y've tried. An' that's
gospel, too.
I say, pard! What's th' use o' worryin'?

EVERY DAY

Every day has its quota of smiles,
Every day has its laughter,
Every day has its joy that beguiles
And brightens the day that comes after.

SMILE

You can capture the world with a smile,
if you will,
Where a grimace will turn it away,
For a grip of the hand,
Or a word that is bland,
Has the strength of a dynamic sway.
It's a smile that the busy old world com-
prehends,
While a frown is a thing it detests;
So you may as well do
What the world asks of you,
If you hope to deserve its bequests.

LADY FAIR.

(Triolet)

In the clear summer air
There's a name I am hearing:
It is yours, lady fair,
In the clear summer air.
Ah, my heart's in despair
With its music endearing,
In the clear summer air
There's a name I am hearing.

THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT O' HAP-
PINESS AROUND

When the line of your horizon has a gloomy
sort o' look,
When the sky you thought was blue
Has a blackish, angry hue,
Find a quiet, peaceful woodland—hear the
laughter of the brook:
There's an awful lot o' happiness around.

When your heart is mighty heavy with a
sorrow you must bear,
When the sunbeams' dancing light
Fails to pierce your dreary night,
Try to listen in the darkness for the song
that's in the air:
There's an awful lot o' happiness around.

You will find it in the morning, at the very
break of day,
In the sun-lit afternoon,
In the myst'ry of the moon;
You can hear it in the treetops bidding all
the world be gay:
There's an awful lot o' happiness around.

Everyone has had a heartache, everyone
has known grief,
But I'm sure that after pain
Joy has always come again,
Just as sunshine follows rain:
It is as our Lord intended, leastways that
is my belief:
There's an awful lot o' happiness around.
Sound the depths of simple pleasure, learn
the worth of being kind,
Let your watchword be a smile,
Do the things that seem worth while,
Then your life will be a symphony, and
you will surely find,
There's an awful lot o' happiness around.

IN MEMORY

Every breath of the wind that blows,
Every flake of the winter snows,
Every twig of the pine that grows,
Speaks to me of thee;
In my heart, when the Day is gone,
Through the years, be they drear or long,
You will live, as the lilt of song,
In my memory.

SCANDAL

There's a vicious bit of scandal
In the endless stretch of skies;
Can you guess?
All the stars are deeply conscious;
It has dimmed their lust'rous eyes,
They confess.

It concerns—you won't divulge it?—
Well, I'll tell you—Mr. Moon!
Why, his children say he acted
Like a foolish old buffoon.
It's a shame a man so hoary
Should be led by Bacchus' tune.
Such a mess!

It is said, quite unexpected,
Mr. Moon slipped out one night
Joy to woo.
Wrenched the Dipper from its fastenings,
Toward the Milky Way took flight.
No one knew.

But he drank too much ambrosia
In a neighborhood cafe,
Where they took his Dipper from him

When he said he couldn't pay.
Then they sent the Full Moon homeward
Minus Dipper, in dismay.
Sad, but true.

BLARNEY

Whin ye're needin' a shmile or a wee bit
o' blarney,
T' banish th' cares of a storm-clouded
day,
Or a rift o' the sunshine that blesses Kil-
larney,
An' cheers every heart wid its warm
Irish ray;
Sure, I want y' t' know I'll be waitin' yer
callin'—
I'll answer yer voice t' th' world's furthest
end,
An' I'll be at yer side ere th' night shades
have fallen
T' bring y' a shmile wid th' twilight, old
friend.

FRIENDS

God took the fragrance of myriad flowers,
The soul of the morning, the shade of the
 bowers,
He plucked from the sunset the hue of its
 shading,
The song from the brook, and the birds'
 serenading;
God took the quiet and peace of the foun-
 tain,
The truth of the hills and the strength of
 the mountain:
He bound them in faith that will ne'er
 break nor perish,
And gave them to us in the Friends that
 we cherish.

WILL

Will to live the life of a man,
Will to lead, not follow, the van,
Will the world to answer your call,
Will the world to bring you its all!

Learn that Will can give all you crave,
Make it serve you, make it your slave,
Sense the thrill of deeds nobly done,
Will to gain success—and 'tis won!

WORTH TRYING

They say that life's a funny proposition,
after all.

Guess 'tiz!

But what is gained by toasting it in bumpers
full of gall?

Gee whiz!!

Go on your way rejoicing, smile a little
now and then;

You'll feel a whole lot better, and you'll
find your fellowmen

Will welcome you where'er you go—they'll
ask you back again.

Helps biz!!!

WHOSE FAULT?

The world is a bitter, noxious place,
With never a spark or touch or trace
Of anything good like a saving grace,
It's a horrid old world of sin.

But that is the world of him who rails,
Who never will try, who always fails;
The man who would follow Fortune's trails
Must have hope and a smile to win.

BE A MAN

It's a mighty good thing, while you're running life's race,
Just to pause, as you go, and to come face to face
With your conscience, and ask it a question or two;
For it's right you should know what your life means to you.

Have you done things worth while, have you drifted along,
Have you filled it with sighs, have you filled it with song,
Have you helped when you should, have you tried to do right,
Have you struggled for good, or just fought on for might?

Have you given your hand to some fellow in need,
Have you sneered at the man who was not of your creed,
Have you been open-hearted and ready to do,
Have you tried to be just, have you tried to be true?

In your judgment of men, have you been
always fair,
Have you learned to forgive in the face of
despair,
Have you fought against greed, or suc-
cumbed to its lust,
Have you learned what it means to protect
and to trust?

Oh, it's easy to preach and it's easy to tell
Of the other chap's faults—but our own
faults, ah, well!
We are cowards at times, and the truth,
you will find,
Is a thing we dislike, for it's rather unkind.

But the Past, let it rest. Give a thought
to To-day
And To-morrow, as well, for the Time's
growing gray;
Do the things that you should, do the best
that you can,
Crown your life with your deeds—be a
red-blooded man!

MARY DARLINT

Mary McGuire, begorry, yer sire
Should be mighty proud o' ye, darlint,
fer sure.
Wid yer cheeks like th' roses, yer lips just
as red,
An' a smile on yer face that's like wine t' me
head.
'Tis no wonder I'm wishin' and longin' fer
you,
When I ought t' be earnin' a dollar or two,
Mary, darlint.

Mary, ye divil, why can't ye be civil?
Ye're breakin' me heart into wee little
bits.
Sure, I'm that brave an' fearless that one
day, coleen,
I'll be drownin' what's left o'meself in th'
stream;
Fer I'm growin' so t'in from th' pert t'ings
ye've said,
That I'm fearin' some mornin' I'll find me-
self dead,
Mary, darlint.

Mary McGuire, I'm that much on fire
Wid love fer ye, sweetheart, I'm nearly
consumed.
But I'm tellin' ye true, if ye don't soon de-
cide,
Ye'll be dressin' in black 'stead o' bein' a
bride.
Sure an' what's that ye're sayin'? Ye'll
marry me now?
Praise th' hivens! I know'd I'd persuade
y' somehow,
Mary, darlint.

BE NOT IMPULSIVE

Be not impulsive, think as you go,
Weigh ev'ry move you make;
Be not too hasty, better be slow:
Vict'ry may be at stake.

Pick out the task you know you can do,
Summon your vital Will,
Take Thought and Judgment, friends that
are true,—
Then to the Crested Hill!

DREAMING

I dreamed a dream in the twilight hours,
Lulled by the wind of a summer night,
That breathed a song through my dream-
land bowers,
Touched by the brush of a heav'nly sprite.
Mellow the beams of the moon's soft
light,
Falling from out of the sky's deep hue:
Ah, but my dreaming was sweet delight;
Glad was my heart in its dream of you.

The lazy waves broke in crested showers:
Gems iridescent the drops were like,
Which turned, 'twould seem, into myriad
flowers—
Tears of the sea that the stars made
bright.
Such is the fancy that dreams invite,
Fanciful joys that may ne'er come true!
Ah, but my dreaming was sweet delight;
Glad was my heart in its dream of you.

And mid the gold of the moon that towers
Far in the north in its mellow might,
I saw your smile. Ah, but God endowers

Souls such as yours with His own love-
light.

Wonderful smile of my yesternight!

Why did you come but to say adieu?

Ah, but my dreaming was sweet delight;
Glad was my heart in its dream of you.

Come to me, Love, when the day takes
flight,

Sit by my side until sleep shall woo:

Ah, but my dreaming is sweet delight;

Glad is my heart in its dream of you.

AUTUMN

Velvet shadows come and go,

Drifting, whisp'ring breezes,

Winged adieus that sadly blow,

Wave the shadow friezes:

Ghostly branches, bare of leaves,

Gently bend in sorrow;

Summer's parting kiss deceives—

Winter comes tomorrow.

PLANS

I don't know what I'm goin' t' be
When I'm a great big man:
They're makin' lots o' plans fer me,
As families only can;
An' each one has a different thing
That I'm supposed t' do,
But no one ever thinks t' ast:
"Does that appeal t' you?"

Now, dad, fer instance, thinks that I
Should study law like him,
An' fix up people's wills an' things,—
But that's so turrible grim;
While mother leans t' medicine,
An' bandages an' ills,
An' cuttin' legs from offern folks,
An' castor-oil an' pills.

M' grandma says I'll have t' be
A clergyman. Guess not!
T' dress m'self th' wrong side 'bout,
An' look like some ink-spot;
M' sister thinks I oughter learn
T' sing in op-er-roar,
An' grandpa says he got *his* start
In Spivin's grocery store.

They go on plannin' day by day
What they will do with me,
But no one seems t' care a darn
What I should *like* t' be,
'Cause no one speaks o' firemen,
Er police, er engineers,
Er motormen, er generals,
Er pirate buccaneers.

But that's th' worst o' bein' small,
With relatives galore:
I'd take mos' anything fer mine,
An' never ast fer more;
But when *I'm* big an' know a lot,
I'll never, never plan
Fer any little growin' boy
What wants t' be a *man*!

OUR FLAG.

It waves for you and it waves for me,
In all its splendid majesty:
This olden, golden flag that holds
Our hearts and faith within its folds,—
Long live the Stars and Stripes!

WHEN I AM WEARY

Whenever I am weary
And a few points under par,
I close my desk and slip away
And get my little car;
I grease it and I oil it,
And I tune it up a bit,
For *one* of us must surely be
In running trim and fit.

I dust its ancient body,
And I patch its ragged shoes,
Then a bit of air inflation
With my hand-pump I infuse:
I give it gas aplenty,
And a satisfying drink,
And tie my kerchief round the door
To stop its chronic clink.

And then I look it over
Very thoughtfully to see
If all my lavish kindness
Has won its sympathy;
I crank it very gently,
And we bravely make a start,
As I stethoscope the pounding
Of its apoplectic heart.

But when we reach the country,
Well, it seems we're both in tune,
For I find myself a-humming,
And the car joins with its croon;
We're just like some old couple,
Who have stolen far from home,
To be alone with Nature
And in daisy fields to roam.

And then when all my drear has gone,
And joy rests in its place,
We turn about and make for home
At just a jog-trot pace;
And folks in Packards smile at us,
As they go shooting by:
But we have seen what they have missed—
The blue of God's great sky!

ACCORDINGLY

Think of To-morrow, not of To-day,
Nor yet of the moments gone,
And To-morrow will glow with the sunny ray
Of Yesterday's blithesome song.

PATRIOTISM

When war was new, we used to stand,
And watch the trains go crawling by,
All bound for some unknown ports,
Where shadow-ships tugged oceanward,
Impatient, perhaps, to take our boys
To still unknown shores.

And how we'd cheer, and wave our hats,
As each long train of khaki passed,
And how their voices answered us:
A sob in ours, a smile in theirs!
And when they'd passed, we'd turn away,
A damp-eyed little group.

And now the trains go rolling on,
To different cities by the way:
But scarcely do we stop to glance
At those bronzed faces, surly set;
And no hand waves, in street or train.
'Twould seem that no one cares!

THE LEVELER

What kindred interest we sense,
In palpitating, eager throngs,
That jostle in the crowded aisles,
 Of swaying cars;
There—frank and friendly Poverty,
And Plenty, disingenuous,
Rub raiment democratically,
 In full accord.

And no one questions social caste,
Nor cares to know his neighbor's means,
Nor yet the gross or fine intents,
 That charge his life;
One golden, sympathetic bond,
Entwines all hearts, and holds them close
In common fellowship—because—
 They're going home!

And so, I'm sure, 'twill also be,
When tired travelers thread their way
Among the stars that guard the Throne,
 On that Great Day;
For naught but Love will find a place,
In that long, weary caravan
Of kings and peasantry—because—
 They're going home!

THE SERPENT

In quiv'ring length, its seething coils
Stretch limply and seductively,
With passion in its trembling lines,
As though 'twould rear, and wrap itself
In crushing folds about the form
Of Innocence.

By day, the sunshine smiles on it,
With fascinated reverence,
Perhaps seeking favor in its eyes—
Its eyes! Green-monstered orbs that glint,
And vilify the sun by day,
The moon by night.

Where envy, greed, licentiousness,
And cold brutality gleam forth,
To sear whate'er their shafts may strike:
For such as these, fair Decency
Prostrates herself—and then becomes—
A tainted Thing.

Yet willing victims woo its fangs,
Allured by lying promises,
And hopes that never burst their buds;
To be repaid with mocking sneers,
To writhe within the jealous folds
Of Broadway's coils!

MY PIPE

I guess I've never learned to know
The subtle joys that come and go,
And touch the senses with a thrill
That seem our day-dreams to fulfill—
The joys that float from a cigar,
In wreaths of fragrant smoke afar.

And though I've tried, I've never found
The comforts that I've heard abound.
Through paying court to that fair queen
Of saffron color, Nicotine;
Indeed, I've never sensed the bliss
Of cigarette's sweet-venomed kiss.

I've tried, I own, to cultivate
Affection for this dual fate;
But other men find something more
Than I to praise and to adore;
Perchance my taste is not yet "ripe,"
For *my* beloved is my old pipe.

So there you have it! Why deny,
With drooping eyes and sorrowed sigh,
The love I bear my ancient friend,
Whose bowl contains the rarest blend
Of Southland's balmy, sun-touched breeze,
And melodies of bird-filled trees?

Whose crusted fount is redolent
Of romance of the Orient;
Of trackless seas, and ice-clad lands,
Of rocky shoals, and sanded strands;
Of great blue eyes that smile at me,
Through bluer smoke, bewitchingly.
To you, whose fingers bear the stain,
Whose twitching nerves cry out in pain,
I dare not give my earthly share,
But say instead an earnest prayer
That you may some day know the spell,
Which glows within a briar's well.

BE BIG

Put a sway in your words, a resolve in
your thought,
And a force in the things you do,
And observe as you go that success easily
bought
Never sounds with a ring that's true.
But a thought that is big and a word that
is strong,
And a deed that is free from guile,
Seem to grow in our hearts like the mem'ry
of song,
And they bring the success worth while.

ENNUI

I had folded my papers, and placed them
away,

And was striving to stifle a yawn,
For the air bore the drowse of a mid-summer
day,

With the scent of the freshly-cut lawn;
When a knock at the door left my yawn in
my throat,

And I straightened myself hurriedly,
As I cried out, "Come in!" in an impatient
note;

Then I glanced up, and there stood—
Ennui.

"You are welcome, my friend; have a com-
fortable seat;

May I ask what has prompted your call?"

"It's the weather," he said, with a sniff at
the heat,

As he dropped in a chair, with a sprawl;

"I delight to go visiting days such as these,

For it seems I 'fit in,' as it were—

As the fragrance of clover fits into the
breeze,

When its spirit the zephyrs would stir."

“You’re poetic,” I laughed. “It’s inherent,” he sighed,

“Though I’ve wished many times it were not;

It’s a spell that comes on in the early spring-tide,

But it’s worse when the weather grows hot;
Yet I’m welcome, ’twould seem, every place
I may go,

Though there’s only one thing that I
fear—”

And he halted abruptly, and looked for the
glow

At the window, and whispered, “Still
clear!”

Well, we smoked, and we chatted, and toyed
with the time,

While the hours went tripping along,
And the moments of lassitude, truly sublime,
Were as music of narcotic song;
For it seemed that my friend cast an indolent spell,

Like a nebulous haze cross the sun,
And I found myself wishing, it grieves me to
tell,

That its witchery would never be done.

Yet it's strange, as we talked, that I glanced
at the pad

I had thrown aside days before,
With suggestions and notes so luxuriantly
clad;

Then I heard a low knock at the door,
And I opened it quickly. "New Interest!"

I cried,
"How devoted to come such a day!"
"Why, it's turning quite cool; great for
work," he replied;
Then we both saw Ennui slink away.

YOUR BIRTHDAY

I would garner the joys of the years that
have passed

Into one Perfect Day, if I could,
And its music would be but the brook's
laughing lilt,

Its quiet the calm of the wood;
And this wonderful day, with its sunshine
and warmth,

With its smiles and its flowers, its cheer,
I would fashion for you, that the whole
world might know

'Tis your birthday, the sweet o' the year.

A MOCKERY

They always met at the factory gate,
When the toil of the day was done,
When pallid workers would stumble forth,
For a glimpse of the dying sun;
And homeward then they would slowly go,
With Love to lead the way,—
A wizened, gaunt, though a hopeful Love,
Of the litter of Underpay.

And they planned, as lovers can only plan,
For the day that their dreams invent,
For the cosy house, with the crawling vines,
And the joy-throbbing wonderment;
Of singing birds, and a wealth of flow'rs,
And each little longed-for need;
They must have prayed, as they strolled
along—
Though the Lord doesn't always heed.

But He joined the two with His sacred bond;
Then the world took them both in hand:
It looked them over, from tip to toe,
And gave them to understand

That factory-gnomes, of the lathe and bench,
Mustn't hope they could ever be
Like other folk, who'd escaped the pinch,
And the dolor of poverty.

Then they learned that dreams are chimer-
ical,
For they found they could not afford
The little house, with the blinds and things,
And the garden and velvet sward;
For they had to live in a tenement,
(Heaven knows there's no romance *there!*)
And they spent their days within factory
walls,
Their nights in a room more bare.

Then Love grew tired, and finally died:
There was nothing to give it hope,
Nothing of color, but cheerless drab,
In life's kaleidoscope;
And at last they traveled their separate
paths,
But they both took the "easiest way":
He to the gutter—she—God knows—
The offspring of Underpay!

HUMANITY'S MARKET

Give me a man who is not afraid
To carry a pick, or a bar, or spade,
To dig in a ditch in the swelt'ring sun,
To stick to the last, till the job is done;
Give me a man unafraid of work,
No matter the brand—who will never shirk,
A man who is deaf to the call of pride
And blind to the grime of his hair and hide.

Give me a man who will hold the road,
Nor swerve from the path of the honor code,
Who fashions his deeds as his heart decrees,
Who cares more for worth than for pedigree;

Give me a man who will fight for right
Against the chimeras of tinselled might,
Unfettered and free as a bird a-wing,
Immune from the venom of envy's sting.

Give me a man with a heart of gold,
Give me a man with a courage bold,
Who feels not the smart of the world's pet
sneer,

Reserved for the man it has cause to fear;
Give me a man with a mellowed soul,
Whose unerring goodness will win the goal,—
Give me a man of our Lord's own kind:
I'm bidding for *men*—but they're hard to
find!

MINOR CHORDS

I used to think that life
Was but a symphony of song,
In my days of adolescence,
Which to happiness belong,
But I've learned that though a symphony
It has its minor chords
That are plaintive with the anguish
Of the struggling earthly hordes.

For beneath the filmy motif
Runs a counter melody,
In a strain that's all insistent
With a somber harmony:
Just as though the Great Composer
Had intended we should know,
All the changing shades of darkness,
As well as sunlight's glow.

And 'twould seem that life is brighter,
That its song is sweeter still,
When a deep-toned note of suffering
For the moment seems to chill,
For its echo bears the cadence
Of a meaning strange and new,
As it glorifies the memory
Of the pleasures that we knew.

SEEDS OF LOVE

We can make of life a garden plot,
If we will only try,
Full redolent with copious buds,
And no discordant sigh;
We can extirpate monotony
From every toilsome day,
If we'll only drop some seeds of love
All along the way.

We can give to work a meaning new,
Regardless of the kind,
By adding happiness to it,
And trying hard to find
The latent, palpitating rose,
Beneath the somber gray,
If we'll only drop some seeds of love
All along the way.

And the friends we make will come to be
The scintillating gleams
Of many suns, that give us warmth,
Through their refulgent beams:
That lead us forth, like flaming brands,
In safety through the fray,
If we'll only drop some seeds of love
All along the way.

So let us make this life of ours
A garden plot, full blown,
Where we can sit among the blooms
That we have carefully grown;
And lo, the earth will rear itself
In radiant array,
If we'll only drop some seeds of love
All along the way.

MY FRIEND

I think of you ofttimes, my friend,
When sorrow's darkest clouds descend
And drop their mantle over me;
Ah, then in my extremity
I bring my heart to you to mend.

'Twould seem you somehow comprehend,
When grief my inmost soul would rend;
'Tis then I crave a word from thee,
O friend of mine.

And when I sip life's sweetest blend,
Of happiness and joy unkennd,
I think of you, and send a plea
To God on high—a prayer that He
May bless you, guard you till life's end,
O friend of mine.

INSPIRATION

I often find myself devoid
Of golden thoughts to weave in verse,
And search my sterile memory
For some forgotten hidden gem—
Some truant beam that once had played
Across the screen.

And then I hold the film itself
Against the dimly-lighted Past,
To pierce the age-dark shadowings
That mock the ghostly flickering
Of Recollection's wavering flame—
But all in vain.

With Failure's laughter in my ears
I move about among the throngs
In aimless wandering, to find
Some living brand to shed its light,
And to recall an incident
Of Yesterday.

And there, among the complex host,
My Inspiration waits for me:
In thin, pale faces, hung'ring eyes,
And stagg'ring steps that go to meet
Tomorrow's Dawn—all pulsing with
Life's Poetry.

THE LONG, LONG TRIP

When the big bell tolls for the long, long
trip,

And you pack your things away:
Your harp and wings in your worn grip,
With your clothes of angel-gray;
When you say farewell to the sordid earth,
To your friends so stanch and leal,
When you turn your back on your home and
hearth—

How are you going to feel?

Will you hearken back to the years gone by,
With a feeling of content,
With the thought that each sharp pain and
sigh

That you gave was never meant;
Will those years of life be as pearls to you,
On a necklace pure as gold,
Will your heart be light when you seek the
blue

That Tomorrow's years enfold?

Will your step be firm, will you wear a smile,
When the stairway you ascend,
And take the road to the Afterwhile,
Which all lone travelers wend;

Will you feel secure at the Golden Gate
When St. Peter asks to see
The credentials that will decide your fate,
And your residence to be?

But you needn't fear, nor you needn't fret,
When you hear the tolling bell,
For there'll be no sound of a vain regret
In its echoing farewell,
If the life you leave has been filled with
deeds,
And if love was at your side:
Then you'll reap the blooms of your well-
sown seeds
That your faith has sanctified.

TACT

If you'd like to pass a speeding chap,
Or to reach a goal afar,
It's a certainty you'll have to hitch
Your wagon to a star;
But another thing you'll have to do,
In all that you transact,
(And a most important thing it is)
Is to use a little tact.

It's the eye, the ear, the taste, the smell,
And the sense of touch, in one,
For its golden threads, through all the five,
Are interlaced and spun;
And it has a vital part to do
With the forming of each act,
So it's well for everyone to learn
To use a little tact.

There are many times, I must admit,
When it's hard to stop and think,
But those are very dangerous times,
For we're mighty near the brink;
And it's then we have to bite our lips,
To swallow and retract:
Oh, you'll find it often pains a heap
To use a little tact.

But in truth, it's always worth your while,
No matter what the cause,
Just to give yourself a meaning shake,
And to take a breathing pause;
For it's putting dollars in your bank,
While its good will retroact:
So I humbly urge on everyone
To use a little tact.

TWILIGHT

When my weary day is over,
And the scent of early clover
Strokes the twilight's eerie shadows with its
gentle perfumed hand,
It is then my simple dwelling,
With a love-light all excelling,
Seems to have a different meaning in the
evening's parting strand.

It becomes a fairy bower,
In this star-lit mystic hour,
A lane of haunting mem'ry and a heaven,
all in one,
With its sweet of wakeful dreaming,
And the song in treetops seeming
To be fraught with all the wonder of a
courting just begun.

Then with love my arms enfold her,
With a new-found joy I hold her,
As we hearken to the rhapsody that fills the
evening air,
For I know that no Tomorrow
Will be touched by poignant sorrow,
While the scent of early clover is the fra-
grance of her hair.

THE TRIANGLE

We bow to one triumvirate,
In all that we essay,
A potent force triangular,
That dissipates dismay;
And well we know, if we may have
The trio at our side,
There's nothing we shall fear to do
Throughout the great world wide.

Our Common Sense must lead the three,
For how can we succeed,
If we are rash in all we do,
And never stop to heed;
If, when a plan presents itself,
We act impulsively,
Instead of letting Judgment
Be the final referee?

Then Industry will follow close,
Its twin, Initiative,
The foe of every random thought
That's weak and negative;
The force that makes the world go round,
And cleaves the blazoned road,
The force to which the god Success
Indites his favored ode.

And last is Perseverance,
The mill that's never still,
That grinds our bullion constantly,
Obedient to the Will;
And with this trio, man can go
Where'er his fancies soar,
The sworn master of himself—
His own true emperor.

WE WON'T BE BACK THIS WAY

If there's any good that you'd like to do,
You had better do it now,
And not defer till the time's too late,
As some folks will, somehow;
You had better try, as you travel on,
To help the world along,
With a kindly thought of the other chap,
And a note of blithesome song.

It's a dangerous thing to procrastinate,
For the days go quickly by,
And we can't recall what has passed, you
know,
Though we sometimes vainly try;

So it's well to do what we know we should,
When the spirit tells us to,
Lest we meet the specter of "should have
done,"
Ere we bid the world adieu.

For there's not a thing that will pain as
much
As a kindness left undone,
Nor a cheerful word that was left unsaid
When a cloud-bank veiled the sun;
For a deep remorse leaves a deeper wound,
And a turgid, throbbing scar,
That we can't efface from our memory,
Though we journey long and far.

But the path of life is a flowered trail
To the soul that tries to aid,
And it finds new courage to face the world
With a spirit unafraid;
It's a debt we owe to our kith and kin,
A debt we should defray:
So let's be kind, as we travel on,
For we won't be back this way.

A ROSE TO THE LIVING

If I could but touch the hearts of men
Who have grown stern and cold,
There's just one thing I should ask of them—
To make their hearts unfold;
And 'twould bring a joy to the soul of me
Before my life should close,
If they'd grave these words on their memories:
Don't withhold the rose.

But it seems the world has a heavy pride
That keeps it close to earth,
That holds its interest in just itself,
And dims another's worth;
It seems to be such a jealous world,
Of imperious, haughty pose,
That I scarcely dare to implore of it:
Don't withhold the rose.

Not every one can be big and strong,
Nor excel in the world's great work,
But most of us do the best we can,
And few of us try to shirk,

While the least of us need a kindly word,
And all of us, heaven knows,
Should heed the Voice, ere it be too late:
Don't withhold the rose.

Melt your heart with the rays of love:
We're all of the Master's flock,
And whether of wealth we've more or less
Deserves no praise or mock;
Give your hand when the need is felt,
And let your arms enclose
The timid form whose lips would plead:
Don't withhold the rose.

MY WELL

I haven't any sylvan well,
With sparkling water deep,
Through which the sun's transmuted shafts
Like arrows seem to leap;
Nor any bucket, mossy crowned,
And rich with poet's lore,
To cast itself, in sportiveness,
Upon the pebbled floor.

For these are not indigenous
To prosy city life,
Especially in apartment caves,
Where modern things are rife;
And yet I have a substitute,
For well, and bucket, too,
Which, though bereft of rural charm,
Has proved a comrade true.

In winter time, in summer time,
It serves me faithfully,
With persevering diligence,
And friendly constancy;
It is just a thermos bottle,
But of all the wells that well
I'd choose it from among the host,
In virgin vale or dell.

For when I wake from fevered sleep,
It's resting at my side,
A cooling fount of water clear,
To willingly provide;
And though the well may have a few
Traditions, more or less,
I'd rather have my vacuum flask
Instead, I must confess.

HIS BIRTHDAY

How sort o' wealthy-like and proud
A fellow feels, and how
The lines of worriment and care
Drop lightly from his brow;
How bygone years pack up their duds,
And slyly steal away,
Leaving him a boy again
To celebrate *his* day—
J'ever notice?

And what surprise he simulates,
What pleasure paramount,
When he receives the family gifts,
(All charged to *his* account);
And how he pouts, if they forget
To give some little thing,
On this, the only day of all,
That father is the king.
J'ever notice?

And how he mentions casually
To everyone he meets
This day of days, and buys cigars
For every chum he greets;

And how they always humor him
By vowing he's as spry
As any youngster twenty-one—
And how he loves the lie!
J'ever notice?

But if you tell a tiny fib
In making someone glad,
I rather think that Gabriel
Will scratch it from his pad;
For cheery words that thrill with joy,
No matter what they be,
Will ease our road—and help us all
To grow old gracefully.
J'ever notice?

THE GRUMBLERS

Some men are always grumbling
Because they don't succeed;
They're charter members, every one,
Of that great cult and creed
That has no keen initiative
Nor cares to forge ahead,
But likes to sit and thunder growls,
And scratch its ivory head.

They work by rote and office clock,
And do the things they must,
But if they're asked for something more,
They think it most unjust;
They have a sort of primal hate
For members of the firm,
Though when they meet them face to face,
They bow, and scrape, and squirm.

They always form in little cliques,
And seem to stand apart,
Instead of joining buoyantly,
With willing, hopeful heart,
In all that their employers do
To help the business on,
Their int'rest is tubercular,
Their efforts weak and wan.

And then they wonder why they fail,
While others win the day;
But if they'd study those who win,
They'd quickly sense the way;
They'd find it's just by working hard,
And looking round for more,
That little men grow into big,
And pass through Fortune's door.

ADVICE

When I was but a little boy,
My grandad used to say:
“Learn something that is useful, lad,
Each hour of the day;
And when your *head* is filled, you’ll find,
It’s quite a simple plan,
To fill your empty pocketbook,
When you become a man.”

But Youth is proud Experiment,
And Age, Experience:
It’s strange, they’re always alien—
A queer coincidence!
And so I failed to heed his words,
As boys are wont to do;
For I was young, and he was old,
And life was rosy-hue.

My little seat-mate, Billy Elm,
Sure loved his thumb-marked books:
He’d study them with earnest mien,
And I, my fishing hooks;
But when our graduation came,
He led the honor roll,
While I disported in the shade
Of Huckin’s swimming hole.

But grandad knew the way of life,
I've learned since years have flown:
He knew that youthful study forms
Success's corner-stone;
For now, at forty, I'm a clerk
In Elm's Department Store,
While Billy's worth a million, yes,
And "Bradstreet" says heaps more!

MY PIANO

There's an hour every evening,
When heaven seems quite near,
When the air is sweetly vocal,
And when worries disappear:
It is just as twilight changes
To the majesty of night,
While I sit at my piano
In the graying evening light.

Then the masters stand beside me
And my fingers seem to guide
To the haunts of lovely melody
Where fairy sprites reside;
And I scent the dewy fragrance
Of a flowered dale or glen,
Softly hidden in the vistas,
Far removed from sight of men.

There with Rubinstein and Mozart,
And with Verdi's shade I roam,
With Rossini, Donizetti,
In the ever-deep'ning gloam:
And I seem to know the passion
Of the great Beethoven's art,
And to analyze the meaning
Of the world's pulsating heart.

I am lost in all the grandeur
Of their changing harmonies,
In the throb of mighty oceans,
In the song of wind-swept trees:
In the ecstasy of lovers,
And the agony of souls,
In the beating of the waters
On a lifetime's rocky shoals.

And I learn life's truest lesson
In the moments quickly gone:
Thus I know that life is sweetest
When the heart is filled with song,
For my own is strangely happy
In the moonlight's golden cheer,
While I sit at my piano
With the Master very near.

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JAN 13 1989

